but acknowledge greeuous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a ſeruingman.

Huſ. Fill me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruiſed with an execution for my ſake.

Ma. A bruiſe indeed makes many a mortall ſore,
Till the graue cure them. *Enter with wine.*

Huſ. Sir, I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:

Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake,
I pledge you ſir, to the kinde man in priſon.

Huſ. Let it be ſo.
Now Sir, if you ſo pleaſe to ſpend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man ſhall heere attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a ſufficient anſwere, and therein my Brother fully ſatisfied.

Mr. Good ſir, in that the Angels would be pleaſed, and the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſay I ſet foorth then vpon a lucky day. *Exit.*

Huſ. Oh thou confuſed man, thy pleaſant ſins haue vndone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee, that heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made women: giues our ſences way to finde pleaſure, which being found, confounds vs, why ſhould wee know thoſe things ſo much miſuſe vs? Oh would vertue had beene forbidden, wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertuous, for tis our blood to loue what wee are forbidden; had not drunkenneſſe beene forbidden, what man would haue beene foole to a beaſt, and zany

ny to a ſwine, to ſhew tricks in the mire, what is there in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thouſand acres into the compaſſe of a little round table and with the gentlemans palſie in the hand ſhake out his poſterity, theeues, or beggers; tis done, I haue don't ifaith: terrible, horrible miſery. ——— how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands ſhewed like a full Moone about me, but now the Moone's in the laſt quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to thinke that Moone was mine: mine and my fathers, and my fore-fathers generations, generations, downe goes the houſe of vs, down, downe it ſinkes: Now is the name a beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of yeares has made this thiere famous; in me and my poſterity runs out.

In my ſeede ſiue are made miſerable beſides my ſelfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my Wiues ſighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own confuſion.

He teares his haire.

Why ſit my haires vpon my curſed head?
Will not this poyſon ſcatter them? oh my brother's
In execution among diuels that ſtretch him:
And make him giue; and I in want,
Not able for to liue, nor to redeeme him.
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart her ſeuerall torments dwell,
Slauery and miſery. Who in this caſe
Would not take vp money vpon his ſoule?
Pawne his ſaluation, liue at intereſt: